

Literary Supplement

Vol. I, No. 7

Price Five Cents

November 19, 1924

The Cathedral of Learning

F. R. Scott.

THE other day I read that Pittsburgh is to build a 680 foot "University in the Gothic style, with fifty-two storeys and sixteen speed elevators to carry the 12,000 students to their work." The building, so read the report, "is to be a Cathedral of Learning, a great central symbol, which makes the heart leap up and understand Pittsburgh." My curiosity was at once aroused. I felt I must see this new thing, and give my heart a little healthy exercise.

Setting out for the secret cave on Mount Royal where I kept my private Time-Machine I was soon ready for the trip. A quick turn of the century-dial, a touch on the self-starter, and I was speeding down the years that lie ahead. Automatically I drew up at the year 1985. It was then a matter of a few hours only to reach Pittsburgh by one of the numerous air-services connecting Montreal with the chief American cities.

I wandered up to the vast edifice that towered nearly seven hundred feet above the well-kept grounds of the University. Leaping into a quadrant of the main self-whirling rotary door, I was propelled into the great entrance hallway. All was bustle and activity. Swarms of students, many of whom were in overalls, were hurrying to and fro. Agile messenger-boys dodged in between the moving masses, crying names and delivering orders. The air was thick with tobacco, slang and efficiency. Barely had I time to glance at the noble Gothic archways, garnished with the famous Philadelphia frieze, before I was seized by a burly official who obviously mistook me for a freshman.

"Is yours the ten o'clock lecture?" he asked.

Feeling affirmation to be the safest course, I said it was.

"Then you've just 30 seconds to register arrival." With that he thrust me into a queue of men who were passing rapidly before a time-clock, which answered their deft fiddling with buzzing and bell-ringing, eventually ejecting a yellow ticket. I was too dazed to withdraw myself. When my turn came I pressed the buttons at random, and was presented with a ticket which read as follows:

"STUDENT NO. 9999 SUBJECT Pisciculture FLOOR 14 ROOM K5 SEAT 421 DATE Nov. 15 '85 TIME 10.01 A.M. All tickets to be filed before leaving."

Up to this moment I had had no time for reflection. There did not seem to be any place for a person who wished to reflect. At the approach of another official I determined to go where the will of the University sent me.

The hurrying students surged into a corridor which connected with rows of elevator shafts. I pushed with a number of men into the nearest doorway, not waiting to distinguish the shouts of direction from the bell-boys. Like a roaring rocket we shot upward.

"Pisciculture," I whispered timidly to the girl at the wheel.

"This is a non-stop to Philosophy" she answered, "you'll have to go down to the 14th. Freshman, eh?"

I stepped out humbly at the first stop.

For once I was comparatively alone. My purpose of exploring the University would, I perceived, be impossible—things were run far too efficiently to permit an idle man to loiter on the premises. I was hesitating as to what course of action to adopt when a student with an unusually unhurried look in his eyes came up to me.

"You took lost" he said, "come and have a talk". He led me into a room on the door of which was the

Tennis

By W. F. CROCKER,
Member Canadian Davis Cup Team,
1923, 1924. Tennis champion
of Quebec and Ontario.

"PLAYING this game" is in a great measure a matter of standard. This may apply equally well to all games—not excluding the greatest of all the games—Life itself. As a man sets his standards so is he. Upon this idea is based a man's real value in the game—the success he attains is by far a different question. Tennis is a game, which very sharply expresses this principle, and there is found among the followers of the pastime, both players and

Of Universities Mediaeval and Modern

II.—GOVERNMENT.

THE spirit of Mediaeval Universities of either type was distinctly independent. Much of the history of Bologna is concerned with the strife of the students to evade the influence of the townsfolk. Much of the earlier history of Paris lies in the struggle of the University to free itself from the Ecclesiastical Chancellor. But Oxford, if more subservient to the strong temporal power in England, was so impatient of local restraint that we find it eventually turning the tables on the city of Oxford, and supervising city affairs, as well as its own. Universities nowadays are run by a board of external governors, who are, for the most part, business men, and not of an order of erudition to enable them to understand academic matters; nor does the average field of their vision permit them to grasp the importance of an University, and appreciate their own responsibility. They represent, in fact, the "town," which Oxford was able to reduce to subservience to her, and which marked the decay of Bologna as soon as it secured a hand in University management. But do not mistake me. In all fairness, there is much to be said for the board of External Governors. In applying the comparison with Mediaeval Universities it must be borne in mind that during their more vigorous days they were by no means the settled bodies which we know to-day. They usually possessed no buildings of their own, and consequently had no very large estate to administer. Their academic affairs formed in every way their chief occupation, and any outside interference meant interference in this field. To-day the financial affairs of the University are of greater importance, and I feel that it is of the greatest service to Universities to have at their disposal the aid of business men. But after all, we must remember that a University is an educational institution, and its own members are those qualified to manage its educational affairs. Universities should be wise above other members of the Community; let them in all kindness and benevolence, therefore rise up and say "My children ye are all youthful and your knowledge and understanding of greater matters is as nothing withal. The immense privilege is extended to you, by our condescension in our majesty, that ye may advise us, nay even direct us, in those little concerns, in which ye are skilled. This do ye in all humility, for our service and your edification, that we may the better be able to pursue the ends of all living and guard you beneath our august wing. But beware lest in this ye should trespass in that which is not your domain, for verily the Lady your Goddess is a jealous Goddess and will visit their sins upon any such of her children as should presume to dispute and to question in those matters which she has reserved to herself."

VESPASIANO.

HELLENICA

WHITE-throated swallows
Are swerving over the waters
Of Mitylene,
But we shall see no more
The faint curve
Of Iope's sweet mouth.

II
Lithe Anthea twined roses
Over the lovelocks of her hair,
Brambles and dry thorns
Litter that garden now.

III
In a silent place
Overlooking blue waters
Ianthe sleeps among the grasses.
They have carved these words on marble:
"When beauty freezes into stone
Its immortality begins."

IV
Chloe has gone down the dark path
Into the land of shadows,
And the perplexed ghosts
Of the long dead
Are half-forgetful of Lethe,
Half remembering the white flower
Of the wild narcissus
Blowing in Spring.

—A. J. M. S.

label "Lounge: Pragmatists to Zoroastrians." We sat down.

"I perceive", he said, "that you are ignorant of the methods and ideas of this University. Let me tell you at once that you are now in the greatest, in fact the only, Cathedral of learning in the world. This lounge is higher above ground than the Dome of St. Peter's; there is more stone in this building than in the Great Pyramid; we have a larger number of students than any two Continental Universities; we turn out more graduates in a year than Oxford and Cambridge do in five; we have faster elevators and greater office space than the Woolworth building. In this majestic educational skyscraper there are four miles of corridors, nine dance-halls, 14 gymnasiums and 735 pure Gothic doorways. We manufacture every-

spectators a well-known truth: "the stuff that's in a man will come out on a tennis court." Both you and I have seen it demonstrated. Therefore, because of the good common-sense, human sort of principles involved in playing tennis, it is well worth investing in it a part of your time. Then too, the game pays big dividends in plain, everyday "fun."

Tennis is not dependent for life on the various "stars", who become widely known and play in the big matches. The real "backbone" of the game is the many thousands, throughout the world, who play only at odd times, between the more serious business of the day. They are found at the club on Saturday afternoon or after hours of business, getting in the "odd" set. Right here in our own uni-

(Continued on page four)

(Continued on page 4)

The McGill Daily Literary Supplement

Published on Wednesdays during the academic year by the McGill Daily, the Official Organ of the Student's Society of McGill University.

Editor:

A. J. M. SMITH

Associate Editor

OTTO KLINEBERG

Contributions are welcomed from all members of the University. Articles submitted should be written on one side of the paper, and should be addressed to the Editor, the **McGILL DAILY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT**.

VOL. I, No. 7

November 19, 1924

Of Women Writers

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena in the recent literature of England and America has been the sudden rise of a great number of women writers of the first class, and undoubtedly some of the finest novels produced within the last decade have been of feminine workmanship. In England there are May Sinclair, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Rebecca West, Virginia Woolf, Storm Jameson, clever Rose Macaulay, and Clemence Dane. Then there is Katherine Mansfield, young and dead. It is a woman, too, who with the exception of James Joyce, has advanced furthest into the uncharted lands where, perhaps, the seed of the novel of the future is to be discovered lurking in (an at-first sight) not very promising soil. This is Dorothy Richardson, whose series of novels, of which "Pointed Roofs" is a typical example, has been carrying the subtle analysis of the mind of a girl to the limits of genius or tedium. Whether you think it is the former or the latter will depend on whether you consider yourself a modern or whether you have a sincere and more or less justified contempt for those who do. But in either case you will have to give Miss Richardson credit for performing a bold and useful experiment. In America, there is no better work being done than that of Edith Wharton, Willa Cather and Edna Ferber in fiction, and Edna St. Vincent Millay, Amy Lowell and Sara Teasdale in poetry. Women at last, it seems, are coming into their own, and that greatest of all freedom, the freedom to write, so nobly striven for by the Edgeworths and Austens and Brontes and Christina Rossettis of the past has descended in its full glory upon the present generation of their sex.

These remarks seem true of women everywhere except at McGill. Here, in one of the earliest haunts of Canadian co-education, there seems to be a lack of women writers. While numerous printable contributions have been received from men students, we have never yet been favored with any from the R.V.C. Are there no embryo May Sinclairs amongst us to startle our readers with icily worded analyses of flaming passion, no second Miss Millays to sing of the dear joys of youth and laughter? In short; we should like to receive some articles or verse from the women students.

Choosing The Weaker Sex

LAST night the Cercle Francais and the Societe Francais held a debate to determine which is the weaker sex. This is a move in the right direction, but however much we may respect the importance of so vital an enquiry, and however earnestly desire to arrive at some adequate conclusion, may we be permitted to doubt if the best means have been taken to ascertain the truth? The question of the relative weakness of man and woman may be argued, pro and con, until the early hours of the morning without any convincing decision being reached. It is for this inherent inadequacy in the very method of debate, rather than for any fault in last night's very able speakers, that we cannot be altogether satisfied with the conclusions at which they arrived. Though apparently a contradiction in terms, it is true to say that their conclusions are inconclusive. Indeed, it could hardly have been otherwise. The only way to have reached a solution of this problem, at once simple and satisfying to the philosophic mind, would have been to have staged a wrestling bout, les mesdames versus les messieurs, Continental rules. Should it be decided to pursue the enquiry further along these more practical lines, we should be only too happy to offer our services as referee, ladies' trainer, holder-back-of-crowds, or in any other useful capacity whatsoever.

The Apple Tree

by A. J. M. Smith.

1.

L ENA awoke without being conscious of the act. It was as if she had been born again. She had had no existence, then all at once she had become aware of the smooth, warm feel of the pillow against her cheek. The thick, heavy eider-down was half off her, half dragging on the floor, and her body was cut diagonally by a region of cold. The sun, she realized, was shining directly against the drawn shade, and the light was overflowing from the outer world, leaking through at the corners of the green blind now turned gold, flowing into the room, falling with an inaudible visible splash on the bedroom floor. She looked at the solid shapes of her bookcase and tall chest of drawers, and saw them in a new light, colorless form, against the formless colour of the sky-blue wall paper. Suddenly putting out an arm, she knocked her knuckle against one of the iron bed-posts with a force that hurt. Yes, the world was real. Hard. Concrete. Ready to hurt you if it could. But this morning, strangely enough, it's reality seemed somehow good, piercing, sweet. This morning she didn't believe that anything could hurt her. Never any more. The feel of the pillow, the sight of the sunlight, the blow against her knuckle, the friendly shapes of the dusky furniture, the swish, swish of the apple tree against her window came to her with a sensation of newness, as though she were feeling their influence for the first time. She opened her eyes wide with a naive and child-like wonder. A few moments ago, so vaguely distant that she couldn't define the position point, there had been nothing. Nothing at all as far as she was concerned. "I wonder where it all was," she thought, "where I was." She turned the fancy over and over in her mind, playing with it as though it were something real and material, yet something which defied all the laws of matter and gravity. Now it took the form of an interrogation point, now of an exclamation mark. But never at any time did it contract into a round and finished period. She tossed it into the air until it reached the top of her mind. Then it broke into clusters of little stars and fell to the bottom again with a sound like distant music and a feeling as though Robert were running his long white fingers through her hair. She could remember exactly how that felt. It had happened last night—aeons and ages ago, in some other land, some other flesh, beneath another tree of apple blossoms....

2

The milk cart was rolling away, somewhere a dog was barking. Lena must have dozed, she thought, because in almost the same instant she heard someone stirring in her mother's and father's room, and knew that it was time to get up. With a start, she remembered some absurd, sweet, foolish thing he had whispered against her ear out there under the white tree, and positively the touch of the bed clothes became a caress, a pleasing sensation to her whole body. She was filled with an ecstasy, a rapture, a strange new feeling of joy, as though all sorts of bright and beautiful things had been poured into her body from some hitherto-only-dreamed-of source of good.

She got up hastily, and began dressing in the half-light. It seemed as though all her senses had quick-

ened, were quickening, taking on a new vigour, a greater vitality. While putting on her clothes she was acutely conscious of the soft clean feel of the silk against her cool skin, of the sharp fragrance of the spring that came drifting through the open window, of the little wind that made a blue ribbon flutter at her breast. The faint rustle as she drew her middy over her ears was like music; this, and the indescribable smell of clothes, and the rough warm feel of the carpet to her stocking feet, and half a score of other little things, came to her with a suggestion of wonder and beauty. It was as though she had become sensuous down to the very tips of her toes. She was finding an unguessed pleasure in every simple experience — just to touch the ground with her feet, to run her hand through her hair, to hear the sound of people moving, to see the sunlight, and the form and colour of things, to sniff the cool air, just to do thus and thus, seemed this morning a strange and precious thing. She said his name over to herself two or three times, slowly and with expression, listening intently to the sound of the word as it issued from her lips. While she was doing her hair she was filled with a vast and overwhelming loving-kindness which embraced everything in the world, all men and women of whatsoever race or colour or creed, the healthy and the maimed and the diseased, and all animals and birds, glossy wild ones, and shabby tamed captives, and all inanimate objects. She had to stop doing her hair, she felt so deeply, and she went across to the window, tugging at the cord of the blind which she let go suddenly.

A shadow leapt up the opposite wall and vanished at the ceiling. The girl pushed the window wider open, and leaned out. She leaned as far as she could. The cool morning air was very sweet, like kisses on her face, like gentle fingers at her breasts... like last night. The apple tree was a billowy sea of pink and white... Down there in the dark garden, under the stars, under the white tree... She had not known before how beauty could enter the body through every gateway of the senses, filling it with a perfect happiness and good. There were tears in her eyes. She felt she, too, could blossom into loveliness. Before she knew what she was doing she found herself talking to the fragrant tree.

"Don't you think if we tried very hard, Apple tree, we could hold the Spring, catch the hem of her dress and keep her here? Tangle your branches in her hair and keep her here? Hold her in my strong arms?" As if in a firm and fine affirmation of an eternal faith the girl stretched her young arms above her head. Beauty and love and spring, surely these were not always doomed to change and darkness and bitterness. "O, tree," she cried proudly, "He and you and I, we shall keep them."

3.

Suddenly a fat, querulous woman with sleepy puffy eyes who looked something like Lena will look thirty years hence entered the room.

"Good heavens, what's the matter with you, leaning out of the window like that with your hair half down?" she asked peevishly. The girl drew in her head quickly, and turned

(Continued on page Three)

The Apple Tree

(Continued from page Two)
away without answering. Her mother glanced out of the window.

"My, doesn't the apple tree look pretty," she said conversationally.

"You know, once I used to think that apple trees and the whole world would always be like that," she said. "Just before I was married."

"Of course, that's silly," she added. For a moment the girl went pale. It seemed as though all the vitality had left her, and she said nothing until her mother pattered away. Then she went over to the open window again. Quickly she leaned out, and the old proud eternal lie leapt to her lips.

"Ah, apple tree," she whispered, "but he and you and I—" She faltered, and the confident affirmation was changed to a question, perplexed and full of doubt, to a passionate pleading. "We're not like that, are we, tree? It'll be different with us?"

The apple tree murmured faintly in the wind, and a white blossom fluttered to the ground.

The Gentle Art of Blasphemy

THE theory of the unmorality of art has established itself firmly in the strictly artistic classes. They are free to produce anything they like. They are free to write a "Paradise Lost" in which Satan shall conquer God. They are free to write a "Divine Comedy" in which heaven shall be under the floor of hell. And what have they done? Have they produced in their universality anything grander or more beautiful than the things uttered by the fierce Ghibbeline Catholic, by the rigid Puritan schoolmaster? We know that they have produced only a few roundels. Milton does not merely beat them at his piety, he beats them at their own irreverence. In all their little books you will not find a finer defiance of God than Satan's. Nor will you find the grandeur of paganism felt as that fiery Christian felt it who described Faranata lifting his head as in disdain of hell. And the reason is very obvious. Blasphemy is an artistic effect, because blasphemy depends upon a philosophical conviction. Blasphemy depends upon belief, and is fading with it. If any one doubts this, let him sit down seriously and try to think blasphemous thoughts about Thor. I think his family will find him at the end of the day in a state of some exhaustion.

—Gilbert Chesterton.

Cowper in French

William Cowper's famous poem on John Gilpin has now been translated into French by Mrs. Guitch, who will be remembered as the author of "L'Enfant Cordiale des Bébés." The translator has endeavoured to convey the spirit of the original poem, and the same metre is retained throughout. This is the first verse of the French translation:

"Jean Gilpin était citoyen
De crédit mercantile,
Capitaine aussi de la garde,
De Londres, cette fameuse ville."

The Realm of Music**Edmund Burke**

MURKIN gave a most musical concert on Monday night.

His voice is much improved since he has been with us as the soloist of the Grenadier Guards Band in 1921, for he has developed a true dramatic style so necessary in operatic works. In addition he has maintained his clear knowledge of phrasing and rhythm; he never allows his dramatic feeling to overcome his conservative musical sense. And although there is no doubt that he is wholly a dramatic singer of operatic type, yet he gets into the spirit of the lighter songs and smaller works that he carries the audience away with the sheer joy of it.

His programme was varied. There were operatic works such as the famous Prologue to "Pagliacci," "Quand la Flamme de l'Amour" from Bizet's "La Julie Fille de Perle," and "Air de Caron" from "L'Alceste." The Prologue was given with great energy and earnestness. I close my eyes and see Tonic in a clown costume explaining that the play is taken from real life, and that actors are like oth-

er of accompanist who believes in keeping very discreetly out of the limelight, rather than providing a strong background to the singer. His dainty touching of the notes was quite lady-like, and he kept the una corde pedal down in some numbers, notably "Bonjour, Suzon," with such effect that we couldn't hear him at all. He's a true "accompanist."

They did not hide the identity of those who arranged the concert. A beautiful McGill banner in the orchestra pit, ushers with red bands across their white shirts, and most of all Mr. Burke's singing of our "Hail, Alma Mater" at the end of the concert—all plainly showed that the hand of Old McGill had been active.—S. F.

Plamondon-Paq in

RUDOLPHE Plamondon and Ulysse Paquin, in a joint recital at the Orpheum Theatre Sunday afternoon, again repeated their recent success before a large and very enthusiastic audience.

The entire concert was in French. M. Plamondon was in excellent voice,

Sonnet to a Bow-legged Girl

VEXED Cupid weeps and pelted the gods with plaints,
The gods who dared deceive his proudest boast,
That ne'er a one, e'en offspring of the saints,
Should rival th'arcuate that he prized most.

The gods hold council and, undignified,
Debate their broken plight both loud and long;
The direful pother of the gods who lied
Proves peccancy the bane of weak and strong.

But naught avails them; yea, 'tis Cupid's doom
To mourn an ill-kept plight; theirs, to repine
Dismayed, admit defeat, and make thee room
Orbicular perfection's fated thine.

O non-pareil, O thou, my bow-legged girl,
To vie his bow with thine makes Dan a churl.

JAY ESS.

er men. The curtain goes up, and I see the Italian village with Canio and his group of strolling players — yes, that was Mr. Burke's best effort on Monday night. Then there were two Brahms' songs which did not show Mr. Burke to best advantage, although he exhibited a perfect legato in "Wie Melodian Zeith es Mir," as was also evident in another number, "Love Goes as the Wind Blows." And his own favorite, Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," sung in true Chaliapin manner reminded us of his last appearance here. The "Three Rolling Love Songs" were indeed rolling. Mr. Burke's eyes sparkled, and he bent forward with youthful eagerness in rendering them. Perhaps it might be objected that Mr. Burke's voice is not such as to lend itself to light numbers, but his spirit is enough to make us forget our objections and we made him repeat "Kitty of Colevaine" and "The Road to Mandalay." In "My Love She's But a Lassie Yet" Mr. Burke gave such an artistic little pause just before the close that no doubt could be entertained of his excellent musicianship. "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Annie Laurie" showed Mr. Burke in his sentimental mood, and gave us an opportunity to see the perfect control of his voice.

Mr. Burke was accompanied by Mr. F. H. Blair. Mr. Blair is the style

the clarity and finish of his singing being especially demonstrated in his rendition of Schumann's "Poet's Love." He sang the complete series of sixteen songs, this being the most important group in the whole concert. Although requested to refrain from applauding till the completion of the suite, the appreciation of the audience spontaneously burst forth after the singing of "J'ai Pardoné" and the final piece "Les vieux et tristes rêves." Each of the little gems was sung in a light, tender spirit and with a good tone.

M. Paquin showed to best advantage in the "Air de Dametrio" from the opera "Bernice" by Handel and the "Air du Prince Igar," which produced prolonged applause. M. Paquin's other numbers were Boch's "Dieu si Tu veux" and "Le Charme" (charison).

The group by Mr. Plamondon including "Chanson de Blaissine" by Diodat de Senerac, "La Fiancée de la Mer" from Jean Blockx, "Brun Poesie de Verlaine" by H. Sauveplane and Gaumont's "Une Fée," although not profoundly classic appealed to the audience in no uncertain manner and after the rendition of "Une Fée" the applause was so great that M. Plamondon responded with the only encore of the programme.

It was in duets that the singers were most pleasing "Tableau de Famille" by Schumann. "Le Trebuchet," from Berlioz, Chausson's "La Nuit" and

Variety Chief Feature of Princess Show

AMONG the ten items on the program at the Princess this week there is a sufficient number of good ones to merit the show being passed as fair. But that is about all. The classical definition of vaudeville was lived up to, in that there was variety, but sometimes mere variety does not seem to fill the bill to perfection. However two or three of the acts did manage to provoke mirth, and if an audience succeeds in laughing itself sick for a few minutes it is usually satisfied.

"At the Studio," with Kendal, Byton and Slater was probably the pick of the programme. A man of grotesque countenance, with an alleged Dutch accent amused the crowd while they were not busy looking at the lady in the company.

Mr. Dick Henderson, who to judge by the way he talks halls from Albion's Isle presented another rather acceptable number. Mr. Henderson is billed as a comedian that sings, and has a rather fine voice. Incidentally he weighs somewhere near four hundred pounds.

Norman Thelma does all kinds of things on a billiard table—everything except play billiards. He is certainly an agile gentleman, even though he is two-thirds legs. Messrs. Cervo and Moro misuse the accordion and violin for about five minutes, but the slap stick that goes with this turn calls forth the plaudits of the multitude. But they don't look very much like Italians.

Miss Venita Gould's impressions of several actors and other persons of note left us with a good impression of Miss Venita Gould. The difficulty of imitating is great, but Miss Gould has overcome it.

The best thing about Miss Blossom Seeley, who is called the "girl who glorifies syncopation" is the cut of the numerous dresses she wears. The gentlemen of leisure who sat in the front row seemed particularly interested in these—or was it in her? If you want to leave the theatre for a smoke, the time to do it is when Miss Adelaide and her friend Mr. Hughes make their appearance.

The inevitable acrobatic act is here course, though this time it is certainly above the ordinary. Wm. Brack and his Company do some rather neat work.

By coming in at 2.15 sharp you can hear the overture which was rather good, you can also see the Canadian United News. Among the numerous scenes shown are glimpses of the Queen's—Varsity and the Princeton—Harvard games.

—T.H.H.

"Les Pecheurs de Perles" from Bizet were very effective. The voices of the two singers blended remarkably well. Nevertheless throughout it all one felt there was at times a certain unnatural restraint.

One noticeable and unusual feature of the entertainment was the quiet during the beginning of the performance, an occurrence rare in Montreal, for very few stragglers and would-be fashionable late-comers arrived after the programme began. This, unfortunately may be naturally explained. The change in the time of opening from three to four o'clock was made in the expectation of the attendance of Mayor Duquette.—E.D.M.

Cabell Again

Straws and Prayer-Books by James Branch Cabell. Published by Robert M. McBride and Co. 302 pages.

THERE is something very touching in a farewell whether it is the farewell to a place one has been happy in or the farewell to the person with whom one has been happy. Perhaps as touching as any farewell is the book in which a man of letters makes his adieux. Landor wrote two little books of parting and George Moore has made his leaving salute several times, and each time very eloquently. Now comes Mr. Cabell whom we have been regarding as one of our younger celebrities and presents his Epilogue before a discriminating and not altogether approving audience. But Landor was over eighty when he set down his leaving-takings and George Moore was not far from the three score and ten mark when he wrote the sweetest of his good-byes, so that it was the approaching separation of death that caused them to make their valedictions. "Straws and Prayer-Books" shows us Mr. Cabell as a worked out man of some forty-eight years who is content to sit down in melancholy contemplation of his fifteen volume publication of what he calls the Biography. "Straws and Prayer-Books" as the author himself explains, is the Epilogue to the Biography.

This farewell Mr. Cabell makes is like that of the middle-aged actress in Granville-Barker's "Farewell to the theatre"—the actress who wanted to go into the country and sit all day in the sunlight reading meaty volumes of history. We find Mr. Cabell sitting down in a sort of twilight state of mind. He wonders why he has spent the twenty best years of his life in writing. There are some bitter gibes at his critics that slightly mar the tranquil sense of the oncoming night. But throughout are scattered paragraphs and sentences that are surcharged with a burthen of well-nigh unbearable loveliness.

What interested me in "Straws and Prayer-Books" was the controversy Mr. Cabell raises about realism and romance. He is slightly scornful of our so-called realists and he attempts to excuse George Moore's lapses into realism. Incidentally Mr. Cabell favors Moore's confessions and other autobiographical books and dilates on his own fifteen volumes of the Biography. He makes Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser and John Dos Passos seem very petty with their tedious minutiae of realism, and would seem to consider that he himself is among the romanticists. Yet his books he calls the Biography and everything that he praises in George Moore is from the autobiographies. Then is autobiography not realism?

Doubtless Mr. Cabell would say that in these cases it is not, and argue that many of the events chronicled never happened to him or to George Moore.

That may well be so, but I maintain it is realism nevertheless. For example no one could be so foolish as to suggest that a hardware catalogue gives the most realistic expression of a man's life. No more do the novels of John Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis. Such novels describe the pressure of one mouth on another and the last words of a dying man; just as the hardware catalogues describe the plates people eat from and the beds in which they caress. But the most realistic expression of a human life will certainly not neglect to describe the fancies and dreams which elbow one another through the small space between a man's ears. (Pitifully I admit a confusion resulting from a wrong usage of the terms, yet Mr. Cabell

The Cathedral of Learning

(continued from page one)

thing used in this building, for whatever purpose, in our own workshops—yes, everything from tobacco to text-books. High above the great factories of Pittsburgh we stand, an embodiment of the spirit that made them, a memorial to the men who planned them, an inspiration to the men who work in them, a—

He paused and mopped his brow, words failing him for the moment, I waited for him to continue.

"We pride ourselves on the extensiveness of our educational system. We aim at providing instruction in every sphere of human activity, be it industrial, intellectual, artistic or athletic. Upon every subject of human interest courses of lectures are arranged; and our Research Department is continually evolving new subjects. The eager student may wander at will amongst the limitless groves of this super-Academe; if he has sat through enough classes, he may be examined in those subjects for a degree. And fifty-two degrees are given, one for each floor of the University. The first ten storeys are devoted to applied science, the next ten to pure science; floors 20-30 to languages, 30-40 to Arts; 40-50 to unclassified subjects; and crowning all, nearest Heaven, are the lecture-rooms devoted to Theology, Clan Government and kindred topics.

"Not a moment of the undergraduate's time is wasted. By the card-index system we can account for every minute of his day. If he fails to reach his lecture before the door is locked, he must report within five minutes to the nearest gymnasium for an hour's drill. By our speedy elevators we have reduced to a minimum the time required to go from lecture to lecture. Even when his hour of recreation is due, he must obtain a certificate of attendance in the Lounge set apart for students following courses similar to his own so that his conversation may run on lines similar to his work. We are now, as you doubtless perceived, in the Lounge intended for those following the paths of Philosophy that range from Pragmatism to Zoroastrianism. This talk with you I shall mark on my card as—let me see—yes, Propagandism will cover it." And he wrote Propagandism, 15 minutes on a card and walked up to have it initialled by an official behind a wicket.

I seized the opportunity, and fled. There were many things I should have liked to ask, but I feared my heart would not stand it.

does true realism no service by mistaking craftsmanship for it.)

Though it is much against the modern fashion for a man of letters to stop writing before he reaches his dotage and starts substituting prosy platitudes for all the prouder glories of his early days, yet Mr. Cabell may abide by his decision to round off the Biography with "Straws and Prayer-Books." Although it is hardly likely that he will stop writing altogether, it might seem that from now on at best all that we expect is a surprise return here and there of the old clarity and eloquence and deft thought by which words are changed to something more intangible than gossamers.

—W. G. T.

Tennis

(Continued from page One)

versity, we know how much fun it is to go over on the courts between or after classes.

This group of players makes up the real life of the game. The great "stars" are the ones who supply the game with great example, incentive, and interest. They satisfy the imagination and give background to the game. They give, by their experiences and example, the necessary standards that others may follow.

Today the game of tennis has taken a very great international aspect. It is the only one really universal game. In the 1924 season, twenty-three nations in open tourney, played for the world trophy, the Davis Cup. This is of interest and significance to us, because of the active part which our own country took in the fray. This year, for the second time, it was necessary to divide the competing nations into two zones. From the European zone, the French team emerged victors and in the American Continent zone, the Australians, famous many years in the tennis world, came to the front. The two zone winners played off at Boston Mass., for the right to challenge the holders of the Cup. It was one of the most interesting battles of the year. Gerald Patterson and Pat O'Hara Wood from "down under" against the youth of France, Jean Borotra and the 20 year old Rene LaCoste, ranked fifth place in the world. The Australian team won, but only after LaCoste had taken the measure of the great Patterson.

The Australian team, then challenged for the possession of the Cup, which was held by the United States team. The defeat was overwhelming. The playing team of the United States consisted of Wm. T. Tilden, William M. Johnston, and Vincent Richards. It is almost inconceivable what a Davis Cup final or a National Championship is in the present day. The same hugeness of event is present at the great Cricket club in Philadelphia where this year's Davis Cup was held, or at Wimbledon, England, or in the big concrete stadium of the West Side Club, Forest Hills, L. I. The huge stadium at Forest Hills is horseshoe shaped, its tiers of seats, extending approximately as high as the rows of concrete seats in the McGill Stadium. Within the "bowl" are placed three grass courts on which some of the greatest struggles in athletic history have taken place. An example of this may be cited. One year ago, the United States and Australian doubles teams, consisting of "Jim" Anderson and the youthful Hawkes and "Bill" Tilden and "Dick" Williams, respectively, fought for four hours and a half of the most intense tennis ever known. The scores of this match are worth noting, the Australians won two of the first three sets in the fierce struggle by the score of 15-17, 13-11, 6-2. The final sets went straight to the Cup holders 6-3, 6-2. It was then, if ever, one really knew possible heights the game might attain. It was then that one gained a comparative realization of the possibilities of one's own game on the good old home club courts. Ambition was fired and Imagination was cultivated. It seemed so simple to play as they did and indeed it comparatively readily is. So out we come with our racket and "Let's go, McGill!" Such in reality is the function of the star, of the great tournament player—he exists and is part of the game, to supply the example, incentive, and interest. For his part personally, there is the great thrill of struggle, the pleasure of great ef-

Little Mexican

A Review.

"Little Mexican, and other Stories," by Aldous Huxley.

IT is a true relief to find an out-and-out decadent whose work has an appeal due not to a listing of introspective reflections, but to an expression of characteristic viewpoint.

This, Aldous Huxley's latest work (and his second volume of short stories) differs only from his earlier contributions in that he appears to have somewhat discarded the role of sensationalist. He evinces a more genuine appreciation of the commonplace. Narrative and description replace, to a large extent, the familiar convention-defying ultimatums that have marked "Chrome Yellow" and "Antic Hay." He has apparently reconciled himself to the alienation of a considerable body of devotees of the pornographic art. "Little Mexican" loses nothing, and the lovers of aphrodisiacs can always turn to James Joyce and his fraternity. One is given to wonder whether this attitude is the outcome of an indifference to royalties that his past successes have ensured to him.

Many of the modern school, of which Van Vechten is a typical, and typically horrible example, succumb to a weakness for the exotic. Unfamiliar perfumes assail our nostrils, and the unknown strains of obscure composers beat upon our ears. Unheard references from poets whose reputation has travelled as far as the author, but no farther appear as frequently as the lover in a French comedy.

Fortunately, Huxley is far too highly educated and literate to resort to such back-firing shot-guns to reach his audience. A Van Vechten novel is like incense in a kitchen, while Huxley gives us the cultivated colour of the "salon" only when his highly developed sense of discrimination indicates its justification.

Huxley has reformed, and when he's good, he's very, very good. Why not strengthen him, in his resolve and forestall a relapse by buying a copy of "Little Mexican"? If you don't give a tinker's curse, or even a wooden hoop in Hades, as to what becomes of Aldous, borrow the book.

—S. D. P.

The Old Woman

S a white candle

In a holy place,

So is the beauty

Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance

Of the winter sun,

So is a woman—

With her travail done—

Her brood gone from her,

And her thoughts as still

As the waters

Under a ruined mil.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

fort in winning or losing of a worthy prize, and again, the satisfaction of some degree of attainment, however small. Do these things not mean something in life?

And then we come to our own national side of the question. This year for the first time in tennis history, we have scored against another nation on our own soil. The win against the Cuban team at Ottawa started the ball a-rolling and no one knows to what success it may lead.

The officials of the game recognize the fact that Canada is almost within striking distance of big things and they are giving their undivided effort to "make things come true." What the future holds none can predict but each is ready to accept whatever measure, of good or bad, that is meted out. We can only make our toast to success.

Literary Supplement

Vol. 1, No. 7

Price Five Cents

November 19, 1924

The Cathedral of Learning

F. R. Scott.

THE other day I read that Pittsburgh is to build a 680 foot University in the Gothic style, with fifty-two storeys and sixteen speed elevators to carry the 12,000 students to their work. "The building," so read the report, "is to be a Cathedral of Learning, a great central symbol, which makes the heart leap up and understand Pittsburgh." My curiosity was at once aroused. I felt I must see this new thing, and give my heart a little healthy exercise.

Setting out for the secret cave on Mount Royal where I kept my private Time Machine I was soon ready for the trip. A quick turn of the century-dial, a touch on the self-starter, and I was speeding down the years that lie ahead. Automatically I drew up at the year 1985. It was then a matter of a few hours only to reach Pittsburgh by one of the numerous air-services connecting Montreal with the chief American cities.

I wandered up to the vast edifice that towered nearly seven hundred feet above the well-kept grounds of the University. Leaping into a quadrant of the main self-whirling rotary door, I was propelled into the great entrance hallway. All was bustle and activity. Swarms of students, many of whom were in overalls, were hurrying to and fro. Agile messenger-boys dodged in between the moving masses, crying names and delivering orders. The air was thick with tobacco, slang and efficiency. Barely had I time to glance at the noble Gothic archways, garnished with the famous Philadelphia fligree, before I was seized by a burly official who obviously mistook me for a freshman.

"Is yours the ten o'clock lecture?" he asked.

Feeling affirmation to be the safest course, I said it was.

"Then you've just 30 seconds to register arrival." With that he thrust me into a queue of men who were passing rapidly before a time-clock, which answered their deft fumbling with buzzing and bell-ringing, eventually ejecting a yellow ticket. I was too dazed to withdraw myself. When my turn came I pressed the buttons at random, and was presented with a ticket which read as follows:

STUDENT NO. 9999 SUBJECT
Pisciculture FLOOR 14 ROOM K5
SEAT 421 DATE Nov. 15 '24 TIME
10.01 A.M. All tickets to be filed before leaving."

Up to this moment I had had no time for reflection. There did not seem to be any place for a person who wished to reflect. At the approach of another official I determined to go where the will of the University sent me.

The hurrying students surged into a corridor which connected with rows of elevator shafts. I pushed, with a number of men into the nearest doorway, not waiting to distinguish the shouts of direction from the bell-boys. Like a roaring rocket we shot upward.

"Pisciculture," I whispered timidly to the girl at the wheel.

"This is a non-stop to Philosophy" she answered, "you'll have to go down to the 14th, Freshman, eh?"

I stepped out humbly at the first stop.

For once I was comparatively alone. My purpose of exploring the University would, I perceived, be impossible—things were run far too efficiently to permit an idle man to loiter on the premises. I was hesitating as to what course of action to adopt, when a student with an unusually un hurried look in his eyes came up to me.

"You look lost" he said, "come and have a talk". He led me into a room on the door of which was the

Tennis

By W. F. CROCKER,
Member Canadian Davis Cup Team,
1923, 1924. Tennis champion
of Quebec and Ontario.

"PLAYING the game" is in a great measure a matter of standard. This may apply equally well to all games—not excluding the greatest of all the games—Life itself. As a man sets his standards so is he. Upon this idea is based a man's real value in the game—the success he attains is by far a different question. Tennis is a game, which very sharply expresses this principle, and there is found among the followers of the pastime, both players and

Of Universities Mediaeval and Modern

II.—GOVERNMENT.

THE spirit of Mediaeval Universities of either type was distinctly independent. Much of the history of Bologna is concerned with the strife of the students to evade the influence of the townsfolk. Much of the earlier history of Paris lies in the struggle of the University to free itself from the Ecclesiastical Chancellor. But Oxford, if more subservient to the strong temporal power in England, was so impatient of local restraint that we find it eventually turning the tables on the city of Oxford, and supervising city affairs, as well as its own. Universities nowadays are run by a board of external governors, who are, for the most part, business men, and not of an order of erudition to enable them to understand academic matters; nor does the average field of their vision permit them to grasp the importance of an University, and appreciate their own responsibility. They represent, in fact, the "town," which Oxford was able to reduce to subservience to her, and which marked the decay of Bologna as soon as it secured a hand in University management. But do not mistake me. In all fairness, there is much to be said for the board of External Governors. In applying the comparison with Mediaeval Universities it must be borne in mind that during their more vigorous days they were by no means the settled bodies which we know to-day. They usually possessed no buildings of their own, and consequently had no very large estate to administer. Their academic affairs formed in every way their chief occupation, and any outside interference meant interference in this field. To-day the financial affairs of the University are of greater importance, and I feel that it is of the greatest service to Universities to have at their disposal the aid of business men. But after all, we must remember that a University is an educational institution, and its own members are those qualified to manage its educational affairs. Universities should be wise above other members of the Community: let them in all kindness and benevolence, therefore rise up and say "My children ye are all youthful and your knowledge and understanding of greater matters is as nothing withal. The immense privilege is extended to you, by our condescension in our majesty, that ye may advise us, nay even direct us, in those little concerns, in which ye are skilled. This do ye in all humility, for our service and your edification, that we may the better be able to pursue the ends of all living, and guard you beneath our august wing. But beware lest in this ye should trespass in that which is not your domain, for verily the Lady your Goddess is a jealous Goddess and will visit their sins upon any such of her children as should presume to dispute and to question in those matters which she has reserved to herself."

VESPASIANO.

HELLENICA

WHITE-throated swallows
Are swerving over the waters
Of Mitylene,
But we shall see no more
The faint curve
Of lope's sweet mouth.

II
Lithe Anthea twined roses
Over the lovelocks of her hair.
Brambles and dry thorns
Litter that garden now.

III
In a silent place
Overlooking blue waters
Ianthe sleeps among the grasses.
They have carved these words on marble:
"When beauty freezes into stone
Its immortality begins."

IV
Chloe has gone down the dark path
Into the land of shadows,
And the perplexed ghosts
Of the long dead
Are half-forgetful of Lethe,
Half remembering the white flower
Of the wild narcissus
Blowing in Spring.

—A. J. M. S.

label "Lounge: Pragmatists to Zoroastrians" We sat down.

"I perceive", he said, "that you are ignorant of the methods and ideas of this University. Let me tell you at once that you are now in the greatest, in fact the only, Cathedral of learning in the world. This lounge is higher above ground than the Dome of St. Peter's; there is more stone in this building than in the Great Pyramid; we have a larger number of students than any two Continental Universities; we turn out more graduates in a year than Oxford and Cambridge do in five; we have faster elevators and greater office space than the Woolworth building. In this majestic educational skyscraper there are four miles of corridors, nine dance-halls, 14 gymnasiums and 735 pure Gothic doorways. We manufacture every-

spectators, a well-known truth: "the stuff that's in a man will come out on a tennis court." Both you and I have seen it demonstrated. Therefore, because of the good common-sense, human sort of principles involved in playing tennis, it is well worth investing in it a part of your time. Then too, the game pays big dividends in plain everyday "fun."

Tennis is not dependent for life on the various "stars", who become widely known and play in the big matches. The real "backbone" of the game is the many thousands, throughout the world, who play only at odd times, between the more serious business of the day. They are found at the club on Saturday afternoon or after hours of business, getting in the "odd" set. Right here in our own uni-

(Continued on page 4)

The McGill Daily Literary Supplement

Published on Wednesdays during the academic year by the McGill Daily, the Official Organ of the Student's Society of McGill University.

Editor:

A. J. M. SMITH

Associate Editor

OTTO KLINEBERG

Contributions are welcomed from all members of the University. Articles submitted should be written on one side of the paper, and should be addressed to the Editor, the *McGILL DAILY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT*.

VOL. I, No. 7

November 19, 1924

Of Women Writers

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena in the recent literature of England and America has been the sudden rise of a great number of women writers of the first class, and undoubtedly some of the finest novels produced within the last decade have been of feminine workmanship. In England there are May Sinclair, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Rebecca West, Virginia Woolf, Storm Jameson, clever Rose Macaulay, and Clemence Dane. Then there is Katherine Mansfield, young and dead. It is a woman, too, who with the exception of James Joyce, has advanced furthest into the uncharted lands where, perhaps, the seed of the novel of the future is to be discovered lurking in (an at-first sight) not very promising soil. This is Dorothy Richardson, whose series of novels, of which "Pointed Roofs" is a typical example, has been carrying the subtle analysis of the mind of a girl to the limits of genius or tedium. Whether you think it is the former or the latter will depend on whether you consider yourself a modern or whether you have a sincere and more or less justified contempt for those who do. But in either case you will have to give Miss Richardson credit for performing a bold and useful experiment. In America, there is no better work being done than that of Edith Wharton, Willa Cather and Edna Ferber in fiction, and Edna St. Vincent Millay, Amy Lowell and Sara Teasdale in poetry. Women at last, it seems, are coming into their own, and that greatest of all freedom, the freedom to write, so nobly striven for by the Edgeworths and Austens and Brontes and Christina Rossettis of the past has descended in its full glory upon the present generation of their sex.

These remarks seem true of women everywhere except at McGill. Here, in one of the earliest haunts of Canadian co-education, there seems to be a lack of women writers. While numerous printable contributions have been received from men students, we have never yet been favored with any from the R.V.C. Are there no embryo May Sinclairs amongst us to startle our readers with icily worded analyses of flaming passion, no second Miss Millays to sing of the dear joys of youth and laughter? In short; we should like to receive some articles or verse from the women students.

Choosing The Weaker Sex

LAST night the Cercle Francais and the Societe Francais held a debate to determine which is the weaker sex. This is a move in the right direction, but however much we may respect the importance of so vital an enquiry, and however earnestly desire to arrive at some adequate conclusion, may we be permitted to doubt if the best means have been taken to ascertain the truth? The question of the relative weakness of man and woman may be argued, pro and con, until the early hours of the morning without any convincing decision being reached. It is for this inherent inadequacy in the very method of debate, rather than for any fault in last night's very able speakers, that we cannot be altogether satisfied with the conclusions at which they arrived. Though apparently a contradiction in terms, it is true to say that their conclusions are inconclusive. Indeed, it could hardly have been otherwise. The only way to have reached a solution of this problem, at once simple and satisfying to the philosophic mind, would have been to have staged a wrestling bout, les mesdames versus les messieurs, Continental rules. Should it be decided to pursue the enquiry further along these more practical lines, we should be only too happy to offer our services as referee, ladies' trainer, holder-back-of-crowds, or in any other useful capacity whatsoever.

The Apple Tree

by A. J. M. Smith.

1.

LENA awoke without being conscious of the act. It was as if she had been born again. She had had no existence, then all at once she had become aware of the smooth, warm feel of the pillow against her cheek. The thick, heavy elder-down was half off her, half dragging on the floor, and her body was cut diagonally by a region of cold. The sun, she realized, was shining directly against the drawn shade, and the light was overflowing from the outer world, leaking through at the corners of the green blind now turned gold, flowing into the room, falling with an inaudible visible splash on the bedroom floor. She looked at the solid shapes of her bookcase and tall chest of drawers, and saw them in a new light, colorless form, against the formless colour of the sky-blue wall paper. Suddenly putting out an arm, she knocked her knuckle against one of the iron bed-posts with a force that hurt. Yes, the world was real. Hard. Concrete. Ready to hurt you if it could. But this morning, strangely enough, it's reality seemed somehow good, piercing, sweet. This morning she didn't believe that anything could hurt her. Never any more. The feel of the pillow, the sight of the sunlight, the blow against her knuckle, the friendly shapes of the dusky furniture, the swish, swish of the apple tree against her window came to her with a sensation of newness, as though she were feeling their influence for the first time. She opened her eyes wide with a naive and child-like wonder. A few moments ago, so vaguely distant that she couldn't define the position point, there had been nothing. Nothing at all as far as she was concerned. "I wonder where it all was," she thought, "where I was." She turned the fancy over and over in her mind, playing with it as though it were something real and material, yet something which defied all the laws of matter and gravity. Now it took the form of an interrogation point, now of an exclamation mark. But never at any time did it contract into a round and finished period. She tossed it into the air until it reached the top of her mind. Then it broke into clusters of little stars and fell to the bottom again with a sound like distant music and a feeling as though Robert were running his long white fingers through her hair. She could remember exactly how that felt. It had happened last night—aeons and ages ago, in some other land, some other flesh, beneath another tree of apple blossoms....

2.

The milk cart was rolling away, somewhere a dog was barking. Lena must have dozed, she thought, because in almost the same instant she heard someone stirring in her mother's and father's room, and knew that it was time to get up. With a start, she remembered some absurd, sweet, foolish thing he had whispered against her ear out there under the white tree, and positively the touch of the bed clothes became a caress, a pleasing sensation to her whole body. She was filled with an ecstasy, a rapture, a strange new feeling of joy, as though all sorts of bright and beautiful things had been poured into her body from some hitherto-only-dreamed-of source of good.

She got up hastily, and began dressing in the half-light. It seemed as though all her senses had quick-

ened, were quickening, taking on a new vigour, a greater vitality. While putting on her clothes she was acutely conscious of the soft clean feel of the silk against her cool skin, of the sharp fragrance of the spring that came drifting through the open window, of the little wind that made a blue ribbon flutter at her breast. The faint rustle as she drew her middy over her ears was like music; this, and the indescribable smell of clothes, and the rough warm feel of the carpet to her stocking feet, and half a score of other little things, came to her with a suggestion of wonder and beauty. It was as though she had become sensuous down to the very tips of her toes. She was finding an unguessed pleasure in every simple experience — just to touch the ground with her feet, to run her hand through her hair, to hear the sound of people moving, to see the sunlight, and the form and colour of things, to sniff the cool hair, just to do thus and thus, seemed this morning a strange and precious thing. She said his name over to herself two or three times, slowly and with expression, listening intently to the sound of the words as it issued from her lips. While she was doing her hair she was filled with a vast and overwhelming loving-kindness which embraced everything in the world, all men and women of whatsoever race or colour or creed, the healthy and the maimed and the diseased, and all animals and birds, glossy wild ones, and shabby tamed captives, and all inanimate objects. She had to stop doing her hair, she felt so deeply, and she went across to the window, tugging at the cord of the blind which she let go suddenly.

A shadow leapt up the opposite wall and vanished at the ceiling. The girl pushed the window wider open, and leaned out. She leaned as far as she could. The cool morning air was very sweet, like kisses on her face, like gentle fingers at her breasts... like last night. The apple tree was a billowy sea of pink and white... Down there in the dark garden, under the stars, under the white tree... She had not known before how beauty could enter the body through every gateway of the senses, filling it with a perfect happiness and good. There were tears in her eyes. She felt she, too, could blossom into loveliness. Before she knew what she was doing she found herself talking to the fragrant tree.

"Don't you think if we tried very hard, Apple tree, we could hold the Spring, catch the hem of her dress and keep her here? Tangle your branches in her hair and keep her here? Hold her in my strong arms?" As if in a firm and fine affirmation of an eternal faith the girl stretched her young arms above her head. Beauty and love and spring, surely these were not always doomed to change and darkness and bitterness. "O. tree," she cried proudly, "He and you and I, we shall keep them."

3.

Suddenly a fat, querulous woman with sleepy puffy eyes who looked something like Lena will look thirty years hence entered the room.

"Good heavens, what's the matter with you, leaning out of the window like that with your hair half down?" she asked peevishly. The girl drew in her head quickly, and turned

(Continued on page Three)

The Apple Tree

(Continued from page Two)
away without answering. Her mother glanced out of the window.

"My, doesn't the apple tree look pretty," she said conversationally.

"You know, once I used to think that apple trees and the whole world would always be like that," she said. "Just before I was married."

"Of course, that's silly," she added.

For a moment the girl went pale. It seemed as though all the vitality had left her, and she said nothing until her mother pattered away. Then she went over to the open window again. Quickly she leaned out, and the old proud eternal lie leapt to her lips.

"Ah, apple tree," she whispered, "but he and you and I—" She faltered, and the confident affirmation was changed to a question, perplexed and full of doubt, to a passionate pleading. "We're not like that, are we, tree? It'll be different w' th us?"

The apple tree murmured faintly in the wind, and a white blossom fluttered to the ground.

The Gentle Art of Blasphemy

THE theory of the unmorality of art has established itself firmly in the strictly artistic classes. They are free to produce anything they like. They are free to write a "Paradise Lost" in which Satan shall conquer God. They are free to write a "Divine Comedy" in which heaven shall be under the floor of hell. And what have they done? Have they produced in their universality anything grander or more beautiful than the things uttered by the fierce Ghibbeline Catholic, by the rigid Puritan schoolmaster? We know that they have produced only a few roundels. Milton does not merely beat them at his piety, he beats them at their own irreverence. In all their little books you will not find a finer defiance of God than Satan's. Nor will you find the grandeur of paganism felt as that fiery Christian felt it who described Faranata lifting his head as in disdain of hell. And the reason is very obvious. Blasphemy is an artistic effect, because blasphemy depends upon a philosophical conviction. Blasphemy depends upon belief, and is fading with it. If any one doubts this, let him sit down seriously and try to think blasphemous thoughts about Thor. I think his family will find him at the end of the day in a state of some exhaustion.

—Gilbert Chesterton.

Cowper in French

William Cowper's famous poem on John Gilpin has now been translated into French by Mrs. Gutch, who will be remembered as the author of "L'Enfant Cordiale des Bébés." The translator has endeavoured to convey the spirit of the original poem, and the same metre is retained throughout. This is the first verse of the French translation:

"Jean Gilpin était citoyen
De crédit mercantile,
Capitaine aussi de la garde,
De Londres, cette fameuse ville."

The Realm of Music**Edmund Burke**

M. Burke gave a most musical concert on Monday night.

His voice is much improved since he has been with us as the soloist of the Grenadier Guards Band in 1921, for he has developed a true dramatic style so necessary in operatic works. In addition he has maintained his clear knowledge of phrasing and rhythm; he never allows his dramatic feeling to overcome his conservative musical sense. And although there is no doubt that he is wholly a dramatic singer of operatic type, yet he gets into the spirit of the lighter songs and smaller works that he carries the audience away with the sheer joy of it.

His programme was varied. There were operatic works such as the famous Prologue to "Pagliacci," "Quand la Flamme de l'Amour" from Bizet's "La Jolie Fille de Perth," and "Air de Caron" from "L'Alceste." The Prologue was given with great energy and earnestness. I close my eyes and see Tonio in a clown costume explaining that the play is taken from real life, and that actors are like other

of accompanist who believes in keeping very discreetly out of the limelight, rather than providing a strong background to the singer. His dainty touching of the notes was quite lady-like, and he kept the una corde pedal down in some numbers, notably "Bonjour Suzon," with such effect that we couldn't hear him at all. He's a true "accompanist."

They did not hide the identity of those who arranged the concert. A beautiful McGill banner in the orchestra pit, ushers with red bands across their white shirts, and most of all Mr. Burke's sniging of our "Hail, Alma Mater" at the end of the concert — all plainly showed that the hand of Old McGill had been active.—S. F.

Plamondon-Pog in

R ODOLPHE Plamondon and Ulysses Paquin, in a joint recital at the Orpheum Theatre Sunday afternoon, again repeated their recent success before a large and very enthusiastic audience.

The entire concert was in French. M. Plamondon was in excellent voice,

Sonnet to a Bow-legged Girl

V EXED Cupid weeps and pelts the gods with plaints,
The gods who dared deceive his proudest boast,
That ne'er a one, e'en offspring of the saints,
Should rival th'arcuature that he prized most.

The gods hold council and, undignified,
Debate their broken plight both loud and long;
The direful pother of the gods who lied
Proves peccancy the bane of weak and strong.

But naught avails them; yea, 'tis Cupid's doom
To mourn an ill-kept plight; theirs, to repine
Dismayed, admit defeat, and make thee room
Orbicular perfection's fated thine.

O non-pareil, O thou, my bow-legged girl,
To vie his bow with thine makes Dan a churl.

— JAY ESS.

er men. The curtain goes up, and I see the Italian village with Canio and his group of strolling players — yes, that was Mr. Burke's best effort on Monday night. Then there were two Brahms' songs which did not show Mr. Burke to best advantage, although he exhibited a perfect legato in "Wie Melodian Zeith es Mir," as was also evident in another number, "Love Goes as the Wind Blows." And his own favorite, Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers," sung in true Chaliapin manner reminded us of his last appearance here. The "Three Rolling Love Songs" were indeed rolling. Mr. Burke's eyes sparkled, and he bent forward with youthful eagerness in rendering them. Perhaps it might be objected that Mr. Burke's voice is not such as to lend itself to light numbers, but his spirit is enough to make us forget our objections and we made him repeat "Kitty of Coleraine" and "The Road to Mandalay." In "My Love She's But a Lassie Yet" Mr. Burke gave such an artistic little pause just before the close that no doubt could be entertained of his excellent musicianship. "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Annie Laurie" showed Mr. Burke in his sentimental mood, and gave us an opportunity to see the perfect control of his voice.

Mr. Burke was accompanied by Mr. F. H. Blair. Mr. Blair is the style

the clarity and finish of his singing being especially demonstrated in his rendition of Schumann's "Poet's Love." He sang the complete series of sixteen songs, this being the most important group in the whole concert. Although requested to refrain from applauding till the completion of the suite, the appreciation of the audience spontaneously burst forth after the singing of "J'ai Pardoné" and the final piece "Les vieux et tristes rêves." Each of the little gems was sung in a light, tender spirit and with a good tone.

M. Paquin showed to best advantage in the "Air de Dametrio" from the opera "Bernice" by Handel and the "Air du Prince Igor," which produced prolonged applause. M. Paquin's other numbers were Boch's "Dieu si Tu veux" and "Le Charme" (chanson).

The group by Mr. Plamondon including "Chanson de Blaïsine" by Diodat de Semerac, "La Fiancée de la Mer" from Jean Blockx, "Brun Poesie de Verlaine" by H. Sauveplane and Gaumont's "Une Fée," although not profoundly classic appealed to the audience in no uncertain manner and after the rendition of "Une Fée" the applause was so great that M. Plamondon responded with the only encore of the programme.

It was in duets that the singers were most pleasing "Fablieau de Famille" by Schumann, "Le Trebuchet," from Berlioz, Chausson's "La Nuit" and

Variety Chief Feature of Princess Show

A MONG the ten items on the program at the Princess this week there is a sufficient number of good ones to merit the show being classed as fair. But that is about all. The classical definition of vaudeville was lived up to, in that there was variety, but sometimes mere variety does not seem to fill the bill to perfection. However two or three of the acts did manage to provoke mirth, and if an audience succeeds in laughing itself sick for a few minutes it is usually satisfied.

"At the Studio," with Kendal, Byton and Slater was probably the pick of the programme. A man of grotesque countenance, with an alleged Dutch accent amused the crowd while they were not busy looking at the lady in the company.

Mr. Dick Henderson, who to judge by the way he talks halls from Albion's Isle presented another rather acceptable number. Mr. Henderson is billed as a comedian that sings, and has a rather fine voice. Incidentally he weighs somewhere near four hundred pounds.

Norman Thelma does all kinds of things on a billiard table—everything except play billiards. He is certainly an agile gentleman, even though he is two-thirds legs. Messrs. Cervo and Moro misuse the accordion and violin for about five minutes, but the slap stick that goes with this turn calls forth the plaudits of the multitude. But they don't look very much like Italians.

Miss Venita Gould's impressions of several actors and other persons of note left us with a good impression of Miss Venita Gould. The difficulty of imitating is great, but Miss Gould has overcome it.

The best thing about Miss Blossom Seeley, who is called the "girl who glorifies syncopation" is the cut of the numerous dresses she wears. The gentlemen of leisure who sat in the front row seemed particularly interested in these—or was it in her? If you want to leave the theatre for a smoke, the time to do it is when Miss Adelaide and her friend Mr. Hughes make their appearance.

The inevitable acrobatic act is here course, though this time it is certainly above the ordinary. Wm. Brack and his Company do some rather neat work.

By coming in at 2.15 sharp you can hear the overture which was rather good, you can also see the Canadian United News. Among the numerous scenes shown are glimpses of the Queen's—Varsity and the Princeton—Harvard games.

—T.H.H.

"Les Pecheurs de Perles" from Bizet were very effective. The voices of the two singers blended remarkably well. Nevertheless throughout it all one felt there was at times a certain unnatural restraint.

One noticeable and unusual feature of the entertainment was the quiet during the beginning of the performance, an occurrence rare in Montreal, for very few stragglers and would-be fashionable late-comers arrived after the programme began. This, unfortunately may be naturally explained. The change in the time of opening from three to four o'clock was made in the expectation of the attendance of Mayor Duquette.—E.D.M.

Cabell Again

Straws and Prayer-Books by James Branch Cabell. Published by Robert M. McBride and Co. 302 pages.

THERE is something very touching in a farewell whether it is the farewell to a place one has been happy in or the farewell to the person with whom one has been happy. Perhaps as touching as any farewell is the book in which a man of letters makes his adieux. Landor wrote two little books of parting and George Moore has made his leaving salute several times, and each time very eloquently. Now comes Mr. Cabell whom we have been regarding as one of our younger celebrities and presents his Epilogue before a discriminating and not altogether approving audience. But Landor was over eighty when he set down his leaving-takings and George Moore was not far from the three score and ten mark when he wrote the sweetest of his good-byes, so that it was the approaching separation of death that caused them to make their valedictions. "Straws and Prayer-Books" shows us Mr. Cabell as a worked out man of some forty-eight years who is content to sit down in melancholy contemplation of his fifteen volume publication of what he calls the Biography. "Straws and Prayer-Books" as the author himself explains, is the Epilogue to the Biography.

This farewell Mr. Cabell makes is like that of the middle-aged actress in Granville-Barker's "Farewell to the theatre"—the actress who wanted to go into the country and sit all day in the sunlight reading meaty volumes of history. We find Mr. Cabell sitting down in a sort of twilight state of mind. He wonders why he has spent the twenty best years of his life in writing. There are some bitter gibes at his critics that slightly mar the tranquil sense of the oncoming night. But throughout are scattered paragraphs and sentences that are surcharged with a burthen of well-nigh unbearable loveliness.

What interested me in "Straws and Prayer-Books" was the controversy Mr. Cabell raises about realism and romance. He is slightly scornful of our so-called realists and he attempts to excuse George Moore's lapses into realism. Incidentally Mr. Cabell favors Moore's confessions and other autobiographical books and dilates on his own fifteen volumes of the Biography. He makes Sinclair Lewis, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, and John Dos Passos seem very petty with their tedious minutiae of realism, and would seem to consider that he himself is among the romanticists. Yet his books he calls the Biography and everything that he praises in George Moore is from the autobiographies. Then is autobiography not realism?

Doubtless Mr. Cabell would say that in these cases it is not, and argue that many of the events chronicled never happened to him or to George Moore. That may well be so, but I maintain it is realism nevertheless. For example no one could be so foolish as to suggest that a hardware catalogue gives the most realistic expression of a man's life. No more do the novels of John Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis. Such novels describe the pressure of one mouth on another and the last words of a dying man; just as the hardware catalogues describe the plates people eat from and the beds in which they caress. But the most realistic expression of a human life will certainly not neglect to describe the fancies and dreams which elbow one another through the small space between a man's ears. (Purely I admit a confusion resulting from a wrong usage of the terms, yet Mr. Cabell

The Cathedral**of Learning**

(continued from page one)

thing used in this building, for whatever purpose, in our own workshops—yes, everything from tobacco to text-books. High above the great factories of Pittsburgh we stand, an embodiment of the spirit that made them, a memorial to the men who planned them, an inspiration to the men who work in them, a—"

He paused and mopped his brow, words failing him for the moment, I waited for him to continue.

"We pride ourselves on the extensiveness of our educational system. We aim at providing instruction in every sphere of human activity, be it industrial, intellectual, artistic or athletic. Upon every subject of human interest courses of lectures are arranged, and our Research Department is continually evolving new subjects. The eager student may wander at will amongst the limitless groves of this super-Academe; if he has sat through enough classes, he may be examined in those subjects for a degree. And fifty-two degrees are given, one for each floor of the University. The first ten storeys are devoted to applied science, the next ten to pure science; floors 20-30 to languages, 30-40 to Arts; 40-50 to unclassified subjects; and crowning all, nearest Heaven, are the lecture-rooms devoted to Theology, Clan Government and kindred topics.

"Not a moment of the undergraduate's time is wasted. By the card-index system we can account for every minute of his day. If he fails to reach his lecture before the door is locked, he must report within five minutes to the nearest gymnasium for an hour's drill. By our speedy elevators we have reduced to a minimum the time required to go from lecture to lecture. Even when his hour of recreation is due, he must obtain a certificate of attendance in the Lounge set apart for students following courses similar to his own so that his conversation may run on lines similar to his work. We are now, as you doubtless perceive, in the lounge intended for those following the paths of Philosophy that range from Pragmatism to Zoroastrianism. This talk with you I shall mark on my card as—let me see—yes, Propagandism will cover it." And he wrote Propagandism, 15 minutes on a card and walked up to have it initialled by an official behind a wicket.

I seized the opportunity, and fled. There were many things I should have liked to ask, but I feared my heart would not stand it.

does true realism no service by mistaking journemannship for it.)

Though it is much against the modern fashion for a man of letters to stop writing before he reaches his dotage and starts substituting prosy platitudes for all the prouder glories of his early days, yet Mr. Cabell may abide by his decision to round off the Biography with "Straws and Prayer-Books." Although it is hardly likely that he will stop writing altogether, it might seem that from now on at best all that we expect is a surprise return here and there of the old clarity and eloquence and deft thought by which words are changed to something more intangible than gossamer.

—W. G. T.

Tennis

(Continued from page One)

versity, we know how much fun it is to go over on the courts between or after classes.

This group of players makes up the real life of the game. The great "stars" are the ones who supply the game with great example, incentive, and interest. They satisfy the imagination and give background to the game. They give, by their experiences and example, the necessary standards that others may follow.

Today the game of tennis has taken a very great international aspect. It is the only one really universal game. In the 1924 season, twenty-three nations in open tourney, played for the world trophy, the Davis Cup. This is of interest and significance to us, because of the active part which our own country took in the fray. This year, for the second time, it was necessary to divide the competing nations into two zones. From the European zone, the French team emerged victors and in the American Continent zone, the Australians, famous many years in the tennis world, came to the front. The two zone winners played off at Boston Mass. for the right to challenge the holders of the Cup. It was one of the most interesting battles of the year. Gerald Patterson and Pat O'Hara Wood from "down under" against the youth of France, Jean Borotra and the 20 year old Rene LaCoste, ranked fifth place in the world. The Australian team won, but only after LaCoste had taken the measure of the great Patterson.

The Australian team, then challenged for the possession of the Cup, which was held by the United States team. The defeat was overwhelming. The playing team of the United States consisted of Wm. T. Tilden, William M. Johnston, and Vincent Richards. It is almost inconceivable what a Davis Cup final or a National Championship is in the present day. The same hugeness of event is present at the great Cricket club in Philadelphia where this year's Davis Cup was held, or at Wimbledon, England, or in the big concrete stadium of the West Side Club, Forest Hills, L. I. The huge stadium at Forest Hills is horseshoe shaped, its tiers of seats, extending approximately as high as the rows of concrete seats in the McGill Stadium. Within the "bowl" are placed three grass courts on which some of the greatest struggles in athletic history have taken place. An example of this may be cited. One year ago, the United States and Australian doubles teams, consisting of "Jim" Anderson and the youthful Hawkes and "Bill" Tilden and "Dick" Williams, respectively, fought for four hours and a half of the most intense tennis ever known. The scores of this match are worth noting, the Australians won two of the first three sets in the fierce struggle by the score of 15-17, 13-11, 6-2. The final sets went straight to the Cup holders 6-3, 6-2. It was then, if ever, one really knew possible heights the game might attain. It was then that one gained a comparative realization of the possibilities of one's own game on the good old home club courts. Ambition was fired and Imagination was cultivated. It seemed so simple to play as they did and indeed it comparatively really is. So out we come with our racket and "Let's go, McGill!" Such in reality is the function of the star, of the great tournament player—he exists and is part of the game, to supply the example, incentive, and interest. For his part personally, there is the great thrill of struggle, the pleasure of great ef-

Little Mexican**A Review.**

"Little Mexican, and other Stories," by Aldous Huxley.

IT is a true relief to find an out-and-out decadent whose work has an appeal due not to a listing of introspective reflections, but to an expression of characteristic viewpoint.

This Aldous Huxley's latest work (and his second volume of short stories) differs only from his earlier contributions in that he appears to have somewhat discarded the rôle of sensationalist. He evinces a more genuine appreciation of the commonplace. Narrative and description replace, to a large extent, the familiar convention-defying ultimatums that have marked "Chrome Yellow" and "Antic Hay." He has apparently reconciled himself to the alienation of a considerable body of devotees of the pornographic art. "Little Mexican" loses nothing, and the lovers of aphrodisiacs can always turn to James Joyce and his fraternity. One is given to wonder whether this attitude is the outcome of an indifference to royalties that his past successes have ensured to him.

Many of the modern school, of which Van Vechten is a typical, and typically horrible example, succumb to a weakness for the exotic. Unfamiliar perfumes assail our nostrils, and the unknown strains of obscure composers beat upon our ears. Unheard references from poets whose reputation has travelled as far as the author, but no farther appear as frequently as the lover in a French comedy.

Fortunately, Huxley is far too highly educated and literate to resort to such back-firing shot-guns to teach his audience. A Van Vechten novel is like incense in a kitchen, while Huxley gives us the cultivated colour of the "salon" only when his highly developed sense of discrimination indicates its justification.

Huxley has reformed, and when he's good, he's very, very good. Why not strengthen him in his resolve and forestall a relapse by buying a copy of "Little Mexican"? If you don't give a tinker's curse, or even a wooden hoop in Hades, as to what becomes of Aldous, borrow the book.

—S. D. P.

The Old Woman

S a white candle

In a holy place,

So is the beauty

Of an aged face,

As the spent radiance

Of the winter sun,

So is a woman

With her travail done—

Her brood gone from her,

And her thoughts as still

As the waters

Under a ruined mill.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

fort in winning or losing of a worthy prize, and again, the satisfaction of some degree of attainment, however small. Do these things not mean something in Life?

And then we come to our own national side of the question. This year for the first time in tennis history, we have scored against another nation on our own soil. The win against the Cuban team at Ottawa started the "ball a-rolling" and no one knows to what success it may lead.

The officials of the game recognize the fact that Canada is almost within striking distance of big things, and they are giving their undivided effort to "make things come true." What the future holds none can predict but each is ready to accept whatever measure, of good or bad, that is meted out. We can only make our toast to success.